Duke of *Suffolke*, and then the Duke of *Yorke*, and the *Cardinall* of *VVincheſter*, and then the King and the Queene, and then the Earle of *Salisbury*, and the Earle of *VVarwicke*.

King. I wonder our vnkle Gloſter ſtaies ſo long.
Queene. Can you not ſee, or will you not perceiue,
How that ambitious Duke doth vſe himſelfe?
The time hath bene, but now that time is paſt,
That none ſo humble as Duke Humphrey was:
But now let one meete him euen in the morne,
When euery one will giue the time of day,
And he will neither moue nor ſpeake to vs.
See you not how the Commons follow him
In troupes, crying, God ſaue the good Duke Humphrey,
And with long life, Ieſus preſerue his grace,
Honouring him as if he were their King.
Gloſter is no litle man in England,
And if he liſt to ſtir commotions,
Tys likely that the people will follow him.
My Lord, if you imagine there is no ſuch thing,
Then let it paſſe, and call it a womans feare.
My Lord of Suffolke, Buckingham, and Yorke,
Diſproue my Alligations if you can,
And by your ſpeeches, if you can reproue me,
I will ſubſcribe and ſay, I wrong'd the Duke.
Suffol. Well hath your grace foreſeen into that Duke,
And if I had bene licenſt firſt to ſpeake,
I thinke I ſhould haue told your graces tale.
Smooth runs the brooke whereas the ſtreame is deepeſt.
No, no, my ſoueraigne, Gloſter is a man
Vnſounded yet, and full of deepe deceit.

Enter the Duke of *Somerſet*.

King. Welcome Lord Somerſet, what newes from France?
Somer. Cold newes my Lord, and this it is,
That all your holds and Townes within thoſe Territores
Is ouercome my Lord, all is loſt.

King.

King. Cold newes indeed Lord Somerſet,
But Gods will be done.
Yorke. Cold newes for me, for I had hope of France,
Euen as I haue of fertill England.

Enter Duke *Humphrey*.

Hum. Pardon my liege, that I haue ſtaid ſo long.
Suffol. Nay, Gloſter know, that thou art come too ſoone,
Vnleſſe thou proue more loyall then thou art,
We do arreſt thee on high treaſon here.
Humph. Why Suffolkes Duke thou ſhalt not ſee me bluſh
Nor change my countenance for thine arreſt,
Whereof am I guiltie, who are my accuſers?
York. Tis thought my lord, your grace tooke bribes from France,
And ſtopt the ſoldiers of their paie,
By which his Maieſtie hath loſt all France.
Humph. Is it but thought ſo, and who are they that thinke ſo?
So God helpe me, as I haue watcht the night
Euer intending good for England ſtill,
That penie that euer I tooke from France,
Be brought againſt me at the iudgement day.
I neuer robd the ſoldiers of their paie,
Many a pound of mine owne propper coſt
Haue I ſent ouer for the ſoldiers wants,
Becauſe I would not racke the needie Commons.
Car. In your Protectorſhip you did deuiſe
Strange torments for offendors, by which meanes
England hath bene defamde by tyrannie.
Hum. Why tis wel knowne that whilſt I was protector
Pitie was all the fault that was in me,
A murtherer or foule felonous theefe,
That robs and murthers ſilly paſſengers,
I tortord aboue the rate of common law.
Suffolk. Tuſh my Lord, theſe be things of no account,
But greater matters are laid vnto your charge,
I do arreſt thee on high treaſon here,
And commit thee to my good Lord Cardinall,
Vntill ſuch time as thou canſt cleare thy ſelfe.
King. Good vnkle obey to his arreſt,

I haue

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